

In the Country.
Sun-burnt for the robin's song,
Night in the Whippoorwill's
The morning hours
For the scent of flowers
And joyous chirps and trills,
And all the day from dawn till night
For warbling birds and flowers bright.
Dark hours for the whippoorwill,
Light for the robin's voice;
And all the time
For lilting rhyme
That makes the woods rejoice;
And all the time and all the hours
For song of birds and bloom of flowers.
—(St. Nicholas)

BOB'S WAGER.

BY MADGE ROBERTSON.

He had often tried to propose to her, but she was such a very flippant young person that he found it herculean to reduce her to a sufficiently serious frame of mind. Then, too, he was by no means certain as to her feelings towards himself. Some definite assurance either way would, he felt, have been grateful, although it is safe to affirm that had such assurance been unfavorable to his hopes he would none the less have been anxious for further information.

However, he was denied the satisfaction of even well-grounded suspicion. She had such a baffling sort of manner. Never had he been able to surprise her into an admission of anything, however trifling, which might be taken as an indication that he aroused within her emotions of any kind whatever. It was certainly very difficult to know what to do.

Many times had he almost taken advantage of a momentary silence on her part. Times without number had he nearly clasped her in his arms as she promised past him, but she was too quick for him. The boldest effort on his part had been made one evening after he had brought a friend to call on her. Minna, Bob and the friend had all sat in the kitchen and pulled taffy. Next evening Bob said sheepishly:

"Do you know, Minna, what they were telling me last night?"

"How could I know without you told me?" returned Minna, with spirit. She was washing dishes, and she clattered them in the pan.

He was asking me if I was going to marry you."

"And what did you tell him?"

"I told him I didn't know."

"That was right," said Minna, swirling the dishcloth around.

"And he—he said I was a big fool if I didn't."

Minna went off into peals of laughter. Then she sobered up.

"Didn't what?"

"Didn't marry you."

"So you would be if you got the chance?" was the prompt reply.

"That's what I told him—if I got the chance, but I can't get the chance," dejectedly.

"What right had you to tell him you couldn't get the chance?"

"Cause you ain't ever give it to me."

"No, an' I never will," returned Minna with emphasis.

"Jes' what I thought," said Bob dismally. "Guess I'd better go."

"Guess ye had," remarked his hostess hospitably. As she spoke she wiped out the dishpan and hung it upon a nail behind. If I was you, I'd learn a few things before I came courtin'."

"But you're a big sight cleverer'n me," answered Bob meekly.

"That's so," said Minna laconically as Bob passed dejectedly out of the kitchen door.

On thinking over the interview on the way home Bob thought that on the whole he had not made much progress. A few days later hope returned, bright-eyed and smiling, and Bob determined to make another attempt to secure the elusive Minna. In the soft dusk of the early summer evenings he went thoughtfully across the field towards her father's cottage, now softened of its daytime angularities, and, to Bob's imagination, nestling confidentially in the trees.

"Hose ain't much like Minna," he reflected sadly. "Wish I could think on some way to catch her."

As he walked, crushing down the moist grass in his mind, all of which had sooner or later to be dismissed as impracticable in view of the uncertain nature of the clausal in question. If he could only be sure of how Minna would take anything. But he never could be. She was as wayward as a summer breeze.

Suddenly, in the midst of his pondering, an idea came to him—a heaven sent inspiration, so beautiful, so clever, that the cunning little god himself must have been hiding in a bluebell along his path. Bob gave an emphatic clap to his leg, and the listen-

ing Cupid might have heard a short chuckle, followed by a delighted exclamation.

"God! But that'll do it!" as the woeer sped along the path. Minna herself met Bob at the door and gave him a chair outside beneath a fragrant honeysuckle. She sat down near him on the doorstep and leaned her head against the cushion. She looked very pretty, her black eyes darkening the lids and her face pale in the dusky twilight, her hair curling in moist little ends around her small face. Bob looked at her, and his heart failed him. But he remembered a certain Thomas Anderson, who report said had loitered beneath the honeysuckle for the last few nights, and this brought back his cooling courage.

"They was talking about you last night down at the pump," he remarked, with assumed cheerfulness.

"Talkin' about me?" said Minna angrily. "How dared they?"

"Oh, laws!" gasped Bob to himself. "If she gets mad before I begin!"

"They was sayin'—sayin'—"

"Well?" sharply, "what was they sayin'?"

"They was sayin' how as you'd never marry any one—you wuz that uncertain-like and flighty-like."

"Who said that?" said Minna, turning wrathful eyes upon him.

"I don't exactly remember," faltered Bob.

"Most likely yourself," disdainfully.

Bob could not truthfully disown the remark, as he had made it frequently, in confidence, to his near companions in the village. So, after this unexpected home-thrust, he remained uncomfortablely silent.

Minna pursued her advantage.

"Nies' doings them, for a man!" she went on, contemptuously. "Talkin' about girls when they can't talk back for themselves!"

If the reported conversation had not been wholly imaginary, Bob would have been stricken with remorse. As it was, however, although inwardly trembling, he saw an opening and took it.

"But I spoke back for you, Minna, I did."

"Oh, you did, did you?" was the discouraging comment. "Since it wuz you said the worst, seems to me it wuz all you could do."

"They said a lot more'n I did," Bob continued, with feigned courage.

"They said as how I needn't be hangin' around here, for ye'd allus scorn me till the judgment and not marry me at all."

"There wuz some truth in their remarks," remarked Minna sulkily.

"But there's wuss'er nor that," he said, with well forced gloominess. "I said as how I knowed you wuz marry me."

"Who made you so wise?" interrupted Minna sarcastically.

"An' a man bet me you wouldn't, an'—an'—I bet him you would."

"Beasts!" ejaculated the touch-incensed Minna.

"An' I bet a fearful lot, Minna, Gosh!—I'm scared to think of it. If I got to give him all that money the farm all have to go sure."

Minna looked frightened.

"How much?" she asked faintly.

"Wonder how much she'll stand?" Bob asked himself perplexedly. Then he looked at her tentatively.

"I'm most afraid to tell you. It's—It's—gosh! Minna—it's \$100."

"Oh, my!" ejaculated Minna. "You never did."

"A hundred dollars!" repeated Bob, chokingly, and overcome by the feelings he had aroused he buried his head in his hands. From this safe retreat he continued disappointed remarks broken by emotion.

"Don't care for myself. (Sigh.) I don't want to live anyway, but the farm all have to go sure, and poor mother and father." (Sob.)

"Oh, no, no," said Minna tearfully.

"They're old now—to start over agin (a protracted sigh), but I kin work for 'em. I'll do it!"—and Bob's shoulders shook with nobly suppressed emotion—"it all come hard to lose the old place now—(sob)—after all them years."

"Oh, don't don't, don't, Bob! I can't bear it!" gasped Minna, choking down the tears. "I'll—I'll!"

Bob waited a moment. Then he went on:

"Poor sister can't go to school or nothin', rockin' herself to and fro in apparent deep grief, 'an' there's no wood got for the winter"—here he wept aloud, and seeing this, Minna, too, wept aloud.

"Oh, Bob," she cried, "how could you be so—so—" and she burst again into tears.

"Dunno, Minna," he said in a choking voice; "but there ain't no help for it now. It's all got to go—farm an' all."

"Never!" said Minna hysterically. "I will marry you—I will!"

"Taint right to ask you," Bob said sadly and hypocritically. "You don't care nothin' about me."

"I didn't afore," said Minna, tearfully and shamed-faced, "but that was an awful lot of money to bet on me, I like you for it, Bob, I do!"

"An' you will marry me?"

She nodded.

"Thank you, Minna," Bob said, mournfully. "It's awfully good in you."

A moment elapsed before he started on the real business of courtship—he had to proceed carefully—and in that moment Bob looked up at a very jitter of a twinkling star and silently exchanged with it a knowing and prodigious wink. —[Chicago Inter Ocean.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

FOURTY FEET BY A ROPE.

The Journal's item regarding a shepherd dog which was saved from a dry well by clinging with his teeth to a rope lowered him, leads a correspondent to send the following story: A kitten had fallen into one of the ventilating flues in the walls of the large sub-treasury apartment in the post office building of this city, and had been incarcerated five days without food or water. The flue referred to is forty feet in depth, from the ceiling level of the apartment. Notice of the kitten's misfortune was brought to Architect G. J. F. Bryant late of a Saturday afternoon. The cries of the kitten could be faintly heard, and Mr. Bryant's first impulse was to cut in through on the marble facing of the apartment in which the flue was located; but a suggestion being made that perhaps the prisoner, in its desperation, might seize the end of a line weighted and of a bulky shape at its lower end, this experiment was tried. Strange to say, the nearly starved creature almost instantly took fast hold with its claws, when it was very carefully and slowly drawn safely up the entire height of forty feet and safely delivered. No southern razor-back pig was ever tamer than this liberated little kitten, yet with warm milk administered at intervals, restoration soon took place. —[Boston Journal.

A TRUE ANECDOTE.

The hero of the following true anecdote is a broken haired terror of the most common type, with nothing in his appearance to recommend him except a pair of honest brown eyes, which look from under his shaggy eyebrows with a most pathetic expression. In color he is black, with light tan paws and chest, while a sprinkling of white on his head and face gives him a venerable look to which he has in reality no claim, as he is now only eight years old. But "Rough" has never been young; from his infancy his gravity of deportment has been such as would become a dog of age and experience.

One day some years ago he was seen coming up the avenue, followed at a short distance by a poor, starved looking dog, who kept gazing about with a timid air, as if uncertain whether to advance or not. "Rough," who was evidently encouraging him by every means in his power, at last succeeded in getting him as far as the kitchen door, where a basin of water was standing for the use of the dogs. To this basin Rough advanced, as if to draw the attention of the stranger to the fact that there was water in it. The hunt was enough for the poor, tired beast, who at once began eagerly to drink, Rough standing by, wagging his tail gently, the deepest satisfaction expressed in every hair of his wiry coat. When the stranger had quenched his thirst by drinking every drop of water in the basin his courage seemed to revive, and he looked ready to follow Rough, who now marched into the kitchen, walked straight up to the cook and wagged his tail, looked alternately in her face and at the starved dog, who had followed him closely. There was no mistaking the expression of Rough's eyes, and the cook collected some scraps of cold meat on a plate, and placed them before the strange dog, which began at once to devour them lustily. While he was eating, Rough stood by, still wagging his tail and evidently much pleased.

When every morsel had disappeared he once more invited the stranger to follow, and this time it was to the drawing room that he led the way. On being admitted there he introduced the out-cast to the lady of the house, and after looking around on all present with much apparent satisfaction, and once more wagging his tail, Rough left the room. He seemed to think the stranger's fortune was made. I may add that Rough's confidence was not misplaced, for a good home was found for the wanderer. —[New York Telegram.

Testing a Ducking-Stool.

An ancient ducking-stool for scolding wives is still preserved at Fordwich. The other day some antiquarians, anxious to test the apparatus, found a youth who was willing to don female attire and go through the ordeal. The apparatus speedily ducked the lad into the river, but refused to pull him out again, and but for timely assistance he would have been drowned. —[New York Dispatch.

She Enlarged His Ears.

A would-be flirt had an experience yesterday in a Market street car that he is likely to remember for some time to come. He was made the laughing stock of all the passengers and the butt of his joking friends.

With two others this particular young man boarded a west bound car at Broad street station. All were nicely dressed and behaved well until the car reached 20th street, when two young women got on. Both were pretty and well dressed, and one had a portfolio and the other some books under her arm. The bright, smiling eyes of the girls took in all the passengers at a glance and finally rested

BY ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Illuminating the Interior of the Human Body.

Great Usefulness of Electricity in Surgery.

Electricity is finding a wide field of usefulness in surgery. By its aid, says the Washington Star, the interior of the human body is actually illuminated, so that the physician can gaze upon the internal mechanism of the patient and find out what is the matter. For example, suppose that the digestive organs of a child go wrong. Perhaps the difficulty may be due to some object swallowed, like a penny. It is an easy thing to settle the question by lighting up the stomach from within. The instrument devised for this purpose is as simple as it is ingenious. It looks like an ordinary rubber tube, to the end of which a bulb of glass is attached. This, with the bulb end first, is passed down the throat of the patient, just like an ordinary stomach tube. There is no difficulty about swallowing it, as one who has never made such an experiment might imagine. A loop of copper wire extends through the entire length of the tube. Its two ends, projecting from the other extremity of the rubber tube, are attached to the battery.

It takes the work of a minute to pass the rubber worm down the patient's throat. The electric current is turned on, and a light equal in power to two candles appears within the glass bulb. This light illuminates the inside of the stomach so brightly that it can actually be seen through the front wall of the body, which exhibits a rosy glow. If any foreign body has found lodgment in the organ it will appear by an opaque spot. In this way it is often possible to find out what ails a person whose illness might remain a mystery.

The digestive fluids act so powerfully as decomposing agents that ordinary substances are quickly dissolved by them. Thus most foreign bodies that find their way into the stomach and cannot pass out through the intestines are soon eaten up. Accordingly the notion commonly held by ignorant people that a flea or a beard can live and grow in a person's stomach is a very funny one. Nor need anybody entertain a dread lest a cherry tree or other vegetation develop in his inside.

Within a very short time the operation for cutting out and removing the so-called vermiform appendix has become a very common one in surgery. The little attachment to the human intestines frequently makes trouble. Something gets into it and lodges, the result being an inflammation which is apt to be fatal. The only thing to do in such a case is to cut open the wall of the abdomen and remove the appendix, which is of no use whatever to the human economy. Incidentally, the surgeon must examine the intestines to see that they do not require mending. He must have plenty of light, and so he has fastened to his forehead an electric lamp like a dark lantern, which projects its rays through a lens into the abdominal cavity of the subject.

Electric motors are utilized in surgery for various purposes. One of these is to drill away a diseased growth of the dividing wall of the nose. A saw driven by electricity is similarly employed for operations on the bones of the jaw. But perhaps the most remarkable novelty in this line is the telephonic bullet probe. To one end of the wire is attached a nickel-plated bulb of metal; at the other end is a steel probe. The bulb is put into the patient's mouth. Accordingly, when the probe enters the wound, the circuit is completed through the body of the patient. To the wire is attached a hearing cup with a diaphragm and a horseshoe magnet inside. This the surgeon puts to his ear while he probes for the bullet. When the latter is touched the contact is made known by a distinct sound.

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for a moment on the three young men opposite.

The young men looked at each other shyly and winked knowingly. Then the would-be flirt settled down to business. One of the girls looked out of the window while the other became interested in her surroundings. The flirt curled his mustache, adjusted his hat, heaved a sigh several times, looked at his feet, saw that the crumple in his trousers hung over the shoe properly, and then smiled openly at his vis-a-vis.

The young woman stood the stifle so long as consistent with propriety, and, taking a pencil from her handbag, opened her portfolio and began making rapid strokes on a piece of cardboard. Her friend became interested at once, and watched the face of the young man develop rapidly. When the artist made half a dozen up and down strokes both girls tittered. The young man became confused as the artist's eyes flashed up and down over his face, and finally he began to squirm and wriggle.

At Lancaster avenue and Market street the girls left the car, the artist dropped her sketch on the floor. One of the flirt's friends picked it up and nearly exploded with laughter. The young man's portrait was perfect, but that which caused the laughter was a pair of long ears that would have made Lieutenant Peary's donkeys green with envy. To make matters worse, the picture was passed all around the car. When the young man left the car the passengers wore expansive smiles. —[Philadelphia Press.

Strange Pastorage in Holland.

The great dikes which keep back the sea from a large portion of the coast of Holland have caused the country much expense in their construction and maintenance. There is one very large dike along the Zuyder Zee which connects sand dunes with sand dunes. During summer the sea retires for a long distance and the unweeded shore becomes fine pastorage.

But not all the farmers along the coast are benefited by this provision of nature. The privilege to pasture cows there was bequeathed to the residents of three villages by a countess who died in the year 1642 and each descendant of a resident of one of the villages that date has inherited the right to pasture seven cows. This privilege cannot be bought or sold.

When spring comes the cattle are driven to the pastures and the owners, who generally live miles away, have to make two milking trips each day—one at midday and the other at midnight.

During the summer there is no danger from the sea, but the northerly gales and high tides of autumn put the pastures many feet under water.

The uprising sometimes comes so suddenly that the cattle are caught in it and drowned. So at the beginning of September watchmen are always stationed on the dike to keep a sharp lookout on the sea. When the sea rises the man on the dike hangs up a lantern and if the sea rises more he hangs up two, which is a danger signal. Then smaller lights are dashed from church tower to church tower by watchmen in the bell-towers. When the sea rises last the man on the dike hangs up three lanterns, which means "come quickly."

Alarm bells are rung in every village and soon the roads are crowded with people on foot and on horseback, all going to the rescue of the herds. It is hard and perilous work which they have to do and they have a sigh of relief when the cattle are safe at home.

Reiny Men Live Long.

Cassius M. Clay, 83 years old is still in excellent health.

Humboldt lived to be 90, Herschel 88, Mary Somerville 92, Chouvenet, the chemist, 102, Peter Cooper 92, Simon Cameron 90.

A majority of the College of Cardinals are now over 70 years old. Eight are over 80.

Charles Macklin, the great actor, lived to be 107, Macready 80, Roger Kemble 82.

Neal Dow is 89, Kossuth 91, Dr. Holmes 84.

Reformers are frequently long lived. Lucy Stone died at 75, Mrs. Stanton 77, Mrs. Livermore 72, Garrison lived to be 75, Julia Ward Howe is 74.

Wordsworth lived to be 80, Von Ranke, the historian, 101, Guizot, 86, Bancroft, 90.

Shocked.

"I was very much shocked," said Harlow, meeting Jarley on the street, "when I saw Bronson this morning. He looked ten years older than when I saw him last."

"When did you see him last?"

"Bronson? Oh, I guess it's been some fifteen years since I'd seen Bronson last." —[Harper's Bazaar.

Song to the Western Wind.

Western wind, when will you blow,
Soft and sweet, that I may know,
She said when April's western wind
Blow through the woods unscathed and
And son of spring unscathed shone
That I might come and claim my own,
Western wind, when will you blow?
Western wind, when will you blow?
Western wind, when will you blow,
In dust measure, sweet and low?
Thy light wing o'er the valley green,
Or rippling o'er the river's stream,
Or on the violet scented low,
Will mean far more than life to me,
Western wind, when will you blow?
Western wind, when will you blow?
Western wind, when will you blow?
Western wind, when will you blow?
While long brown bees come and go?
The days lag slow, the nights so long?
Impatiently among the throng
I go about each daily task
My heart concealed behind a mask?
Western wind, when will you blow?
Western wind, when will you blow?
Western wind, when will you blow?
Oh, west-ri wind, when will you blow
Behind Thine winding sheet of snow?
And lead the crowd winter-scar,
And light anew the glowing stars,
She told me—ah, each treasure-trove,
Thou'lt night come and claim my own!
Western wind, when will you blow,
Oh western wind, when will you blow!
—(M. Forester, in Atlanta Journal.

HUMOROUS.

It must be his long head that gives the horse sense.

When a man talks into a telephone what he says goes.

Jason says many a man's reputation wouldn't know his character by sight.

In some homes there is nothing thought of except to give the baby a chance to sleep.

Advertising for a situation, a man explains: "Work is not so much an object as good wages."

"Willie never does a stroke of work, but his parents seem to think the world of him." —"Yes, he's the family idol."

"Well," observed Blobs, at the shore, "the beach is dirty with wreckage, but we can hardly say that it is not tide-ly."

"Have you any idea why she frowned on your suit?" Light-top—"I suppose because my trousers were not turned up at the bottom."

Miss Laura—"Did you ever play tag when you were a boy?" Chollie—"How, yans." "And were you always 'it' then, as you are now?"

Mr. Flatnose—"How long will it take to break the new girl in?" Mrs. Flatnose—"At the rate of six dishes a day, about three weeks."

"Oh, Lany, why is it that whenever Wopples is referred to you always speak of him as a friend indeed?" "Because he's always in need."

Goodman—"Do you ever think of the good old saying that it's more blessed to give than to receive?" Pugsley—"Yes, when I've got the boxing gloves on Lilo."

Oratorical eloquence is well enough but all the fine speeches in the world can carry conviction with them no more surely than the criminal's simple plea of guilty.

"Young Springer used to be quite a hand at drawing before he went to college." "He is yet." "What does he draw on most, architectural plan?" "None on his father."

Base Deceiver—"Stillingfleet: 'How could you conscientiously tell Miss Elder that she is the only woman you ever loved?' Tillingfleet: 'It is a fact. The others were all young girls.'"

Johnny—"Papa, can a water pump?" Father—"No, certainly not; what makes you ask such a foolish question?" Johnny—"Oh, only because I've seen many a water spring."

"Madame," said the postal clerk, "this letter is overweight. It will take two cents more." "Then I'll take it back and scratch out the postscript. It isn't worth two cents to me."

Miss Millett—"Is it true that you bicycle riders soon get attached to your machines?" Mr. Wheeler: "It hasn't worked that way with me yet. I can fall off my machine without the least trouble."

Squidgie—"What are you reading, McSwilligen?" McSwilligen (closing the books): "This is 'She Who Must Be Obedient.'" Squidgie—"Great Scott! I didn't know my wife had written her autobiography."

Manson—"Harry, didn't I hear you teasing George Jones?" Harry: "Yes." "Was that doing unto others as you would have them do unto you?" "Yes; I just wanted him to try it on me, 'cause I knew I could lick him in a minute."

"I wish, sir, to ask for the hand of your daughter in marriage." "But are you in a position to support a family?" "Oh, I think so, sir!" "Yes; but you must consider the matter pretty carefully, for there are ten of us."